In the Summer of 1756, the British army, under command of Abercrombile, lay encamped on the east bank of the Rudon River, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militin from the Eastern States, previous to marching upon Ticonderogs. During the mouth of Jone, these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, the substitution of the company and the substitution of the sub

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin.
And farre we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.
Tankee Doodle, keep it up.
Yankee Doodle dandy.
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire Daris:
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day,
'Would keep a house a Winter:
They have as much that I'll be bound.
They eat it when they've mind to.

And there was Captain Washington, Upon a slapping stallion, A giving orders to his men— I guess there was a million.

And then, the feathers on his hat, They looked so tarnal fine-ah, I wanted peakily to get. To give to my Jemima.

And there they had a swampin' gun, Large as a log of maple, Upon a deuted little cart— A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off, It took a born of powder; It made a noise like father's gun, Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to it myself, As Jacob's underpinnin'; As Jacob's underpinnin'; And father went as nigh again— I thought the dence was in him

And cousin Simon grew so hold.

I thought be would have cocked it;

It scared me so, I shrinked it off,

And hung by father's pocket. And Captain Davis had a gun, He kinder clapt his hand on t, And stuck a crooked stabbing iron Upon the little end on t.

And there I see a pumpkin shell, As big as mother's basin; And every time they touched it off, They scampered like the nation.

And there I see a little keg.
The heads were made of leather:
They knock'd upon t with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun, And play on cornstalk fiddles; And some had ribbons red as blood, All bound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up, And fire right in our faces; It sear'd me almost half to death, To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change

But I can't tell you half I see,

"total depravity is a very good doctrine if you only are up to it." Another says, she believes in that blessed doctrine. She knows she is totally depraved from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, and she "thanks the Lord for it!" Of near kin to these dear old souls was another who said, "The Universalers believe that everybody's going to be saved, but we hope for better things!"

THE modern woman when she has a nail to drive doesn't wait for her busband to come home. She catches hold of the nail as she would into the hair of a recreant son, swings the hammer over her head and plunges downward. Then she ties up her fingers as well as she can, puts on her best bonnet, and goes over to her mother's for a good cry.—Dabury News.

The Boston Transcript clears up the Livingstone mystery in this lucid manner: "If you would still believe that Dr. Livingstone is not stone dead, you have to believe what Seyd Ben Majid said to Sheik Nasib. You must believe Seyd Ben to have been at Ujiji at.d Sheik Ben to have been at Uuyanyembe, while his brother, Abdallah Ben, must have been at Zauzibar."

AT an infant Sunday school the teacher gave he Bible story of the "Prodigal Son." When he came to the place where the poor, ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him a "great way off," he inquired what his father probably did. One of the smallest boys, with his probably did. One of the smallest doys, with his fist elenched, said: "I dunno, but I dessay he set the dog on him."

The Indians have learned the "emotional insanity" dodge. One James Lane, living near Trinty Centre, Cal., was shot recently by a treacherous savage who had gained his confidence, and, upon demanding-of the Indian the cause for his act, the latter bounded off with the rifle, crying ont. "Me heap crazy! Me too much crazy! Me

The question at a country tea party turning upon the impropriety of mixing up cake with a purch of snuff in the fingers, a lad remarked that he had sen his mother do it and never drop a bit of snuff, "Why, my son," said the lady, "how can you lie so?" "Well, mother," he replied, "may be you did drap just a little."

"Rese up, daughter, and go to thy daughter," for thy daughter's daughter bas a daughter." This is what Richard Vernon, Jefferson County, Ind., at. eighty five, is supposed to have said to her—i. e. he was lately made great-great-grand-father by the birth of a daughter to his great-grand-daughter.

THREE little boys were disputing as to whose father said the shortest grace. "My father says, "Lord, we thank you for these provisions." Second—"And mine says, "Father, bless this food to ms," Third boy—"Ah, but mine's the best of all. He shoves his plate up to mamma and says, 'Darn et al."

EXTRACTS from the papers of rejected school-ma'ams in Ohio: "The food is first masticated and then passes through the phalanx:" "Respiration is the sweating of the body:" "The chest is formed of two bones, the sternum and spinal cord:
"Emphasis is placing more distress on some

Two New York Assemblymen were walking down State Street, in Albany, after the passage of the charter bill. "I feel," said one of them, "as if I deserved to be kicked for voting for the charter." His friend replied, "That's just the way I feel myself; let's go up this alley and kick each

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvelons escap A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvelons escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. "And how did you escane their fate!" asked one of the hearers. "I did not go in mit der pote," was the Dutchman's reply.

This is the way a western paper goes D. V., "She wore a dolly varden, the night when first we met; her chip hat, like a garden, with posies gay was set. A thumping hig blonde waterfall, when next we met she wore; her skirts spread out from wall to wall, and dusted off the floor."

THE "Fat Contributor" wrote to Greeley to know how to raise a roof. Greeley replied: "Raise it from the shingle, selecting divised shingles, eight to the pound. Cut the tops off before planting, and drag them in with a sansage-stuffer."

A sand, which serenaded a young married couple, in one of our suburban towns, the other evening, selected a peculiarly happy and flattering piece known as "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister."

for the farmer.

From Maine to Virginia there is a general complaint that the evergreens have perished. The discovery was only fully made during the month of May, when the fact, which had been for a fort-night a snapicion, became too plain to leave any room for further hope. The beautiful arbor vitas, black approes, balsam firs and hemlocks were really dead. Everybody says, "The winter killed them." Very possible. But how? We believe no section has suffered more damage in the loss of these hardy evergreens than this part of Connection; but we all know that, in this part of the country at least, the last winter was not a remarkably severe one. That the evergreens were not killed by any unusual severity in the cold is evident enough. The winter shut down suddenly, and early, in November; and continued dry most of the time, till spring. The absence of snow permitted the frost to penetrate deeply; and farmers in this region were surprised, in setting their fences as late as the middle of May, to find in some spots nearly a foot of solid frost at the depth of fifteen or twenty inches,—and this after there had been days of weather 90 degrees in the shade. But there is no seeming reason for believing that the deep and late continued frost had any connection with the death of the evergreens. An exchange paper (to which we would give the credit if we knew where the paragraph originated) has this explanation of the mystery—an explanation which we do not wholly accept:

"Effects of the Winter on Hardy Ecergreen.—The past winter has been very trying to vergetation WHAT MILLED THE EVERGREENS!

this explanation of the mystery—an explanation which we do not wholly accept:

"Effects of the Wister on Hardy Evergieus.—The past winter has been very trying to vegetation here in the eastern states. The absolute degree of cold has not been remarkable. There have been winters when the thermometer was much lower and vegetation less injured than it is now. The hardiest evergreens, like hemiock, spruce and balsam, have suffered severely. Scarcely anything in the way of evergreens but what has been injured wherever exposed to the wind. There have, however, been no winds of extra severity this winter, but there has been an nunsual absence of moisture in the atmosphere: it is this dry wind that has done the damage. We suppose it is pretty well known by this time that death in the winter operates in two distinct ways. In one case the water in the plant expands by the frost, the cells then burst, as water frozen in a bottle bursts the vessel. In other cases the plant has the power to retain heat enough to prevent its liquid from freezing, but these are evaporated faster than the partially inactive roots can supply the waste. In this last case the plant dries up, just as it would do under a hot summer's sun. This is the kind of death which overtakes thee usually hardy things. The cold dry winds draw out the moisture, and the moist twiggy branches perish."

The writer then goes on to argue the necessity of planting thick-branched and hards hedges, or trees, all screas to protect evergreens, here in New England, as is done at the west, from the effects of winter winds. We believe the suggested precaution to be unnecessary, and the theory on which it is based to be wrong.

Against this theory our observation goes to show that it is by no means those evergreens only which it is based to be wrong.

Against this theory our observation goes to show that it is by no means those evergreens in the most sheltered parts of cemeteries, private lawns and the southern edges of woods. On Cedar monnation, near Hartford, where there are

woods.

One species of evergreen seems to have uniformly escaped. Whether in private grounds or elsewhere, the beautifule Norway sprace comes out of this ordeal unharmed. So, also, does the white pine. The arbor vitie, the cedar, the hemlock, and the black sprace, seem to be the chiefsafferers—and about in the order we have named. The loss, it is said, amounts to millions of dollars; but there are no means of arriving at a correct estimate.

At North Adams, Mass., the other day, a resolute constable seized a jar containing something, and took it before a magistrate, when the following interesting examination took place: The attorney for the prisoner asked the constable if he knew it was liquor. He replied, "Yes, it was rum, I drank some of it." The prisoner, a woman, was called. "Did you have any liquor in your house when the State Constable called there!" "Yes, I had some in a jar." "How long had you had it!" "About six months." "Did you have it for sale!" "Oh, no, I don't sell liquor." "What did you keep this rum for" "I kept it to wash the baby." "Had you ever washed it in this!" "Oh, yes, very often. I used to turn the rum out in a dish, wash the baby in it, and then turn it back into the jar." There was laughter in the court, and the State Constable declared he would seize no more rum kept in a jar.

A TRULY Calvanistic old lady declares that "total depravity is a very good doctrine if yes only live up to it." Another says, she believes in that bleased doctrine. She knows she is totally depraved from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, and she "thanks the Lord for it!" Of

fail to secure exemption, to a great extent, from its attacks. It seldon attacks strong, healthy trees, but prefers those that, from being recently transplanted, or from neglect, have become weak or stunted. Where trees are trained with tall, naked trunks, exposed to the searching rays of the sun, the bark becomes thickened and comparatively inert, and especially so when the tree leans so as to receive the direct rays of the sun during the hottest part of the day. This furnishes an inviting field for the operation of the borer, producing what are commonly called "sun scalds," but which, a closer examination will invariably show to be the work of this insect.

After a careful study of all the remedies proposed, as also the habits of the enemy, we would recommend the following as the most effectual: Mix soap and water to the consistency of paint, and into this throw any refuse tobacco that can be procured; let it soak for a few days, or steep for an hour or two over a fire, and when cool, apply with a brush to the trunk and larger limbs of the tree; and repeat the same as often as it may

ply with a brush to the trunk and larger limbs of the tree; and repeat the same as often as it may be washed off by dreuching rains, till about the first of July. After which, for that year there is no danger. Keep an eye constantly on the watch for the intruder, and when his pathway can be discovered, kill him by running a wire after him and plugging up his hole with soap.

A wide, low-spreading top that will completely shade the entire trunk, is almost a sure preventive, and if the ground can be kept quite wet for two feet around the tree during most of May and June, it is nearly as effective.—Illustrated Journal of Agriculture.

George W. Campbell, of Delaware, O., in a letter in the Ohio Farmer, says: "The point which I wished to establish was whether the honey bees were justly classed among the grape-destroying insects, or whether they simply utilized the juice of the grape by appropriating what would other wise be lost after the skin of the berries had beer wise be lost after the skin of the berries had been broken by some other agency. I have up to this time been wholly unable to ascertain that they ever attack a sound, unbroken grape, and believe they have acquired this reputation only by reason of being sometimes found in bad company. The wasp is furnished with a powsrful and efficient saw-toothed cutting apparatus, with which the grape skin could be easily abraded; but this is en-tirely wanting in the honey bee, whose organs seem only suited to the suction of liquid substan-ces. Grapes are often burst by overcrowding on the stems, especially if rainy weather successing

the stems, especially if rainy weather succeeding a drouth occurs about the time of ripening, an wasps and other insects will then be found about dant smoong the vine." RAISE MORE WHEAT .- We desire to call the attention of our farmers to the necessity of raising more winter wheat. The fact that most of our more winter wheat. The fact that most of our fall wheat is a total failure argues nothing against its being raised here as a regular crop. All pieces put in last season with a drill, will yield a good return this season. It is no more trouble to raise wheat than corn, and we have three or four of the best mills in the State, all needing a bountiful crop of wheat. If our farmers will only stop a moment and figure up the difference in price between a bushel of wheat, and a bushel of corn, they will not be long in comming to the conclusion. tween a bushel of wheat, and a bushel of corn, they will not be long in comming to the conclu-sion as to which is the most profitable to raise. All the fall wheat possible should be put in this fall. It should be sown early and put in with a drill.—Burlington Patriot.

YELLOWSIN THE PEACH .- The Gardener's Monthly, in discussing this subject, says:

In regard to the yellows in the peach we have In regard to the yellows in the peach we have little to offer. We suggested it was owing to the fungus at the roots, the effects of which pervaded the whole tree. Since then Dr. Taylor, the microscopist of the Agricultural Department at Washington, acting on our suggestion, has taken the inner hark of a stem of a yellowed peach tree, taken just above the gnound, and found it infested by a moniliform thread-like fungus, as we supposed. When the season arrives for getting in the ground, he will go to the root of the thing.

DESTROYING STRIPED BUGS.-A writer in the DESTROYING STRIPED BUGS.—A writer in the Maine Farmer says that at the first time hoeing corn he puts a hoeful of fine earth on the young pumpkin plants, covering them completely. The bugs leave, and before the plants come through the earth, are gone past. The pumpkins are not checked in their growth by this process.

"My dear," said a husband to his better half, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven," Why!" inquired the wife. "Because you'll be about every farm house. They are pleasant to the children, and to the traveller as he passes; and it will promote your own happiness to see others happy.

Our Scrap Book.

MAIL, COLUMBIA! BT PRANCIS HOPKINSON.

Hall! Columbia, happy land:
Hall! ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our beast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prine,
Let its altar reach the skies.

CRORDA — Firm, united, let us be, Railying round our Liberty; As a band of brothers joind. Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriota! rise once more.
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand.
Let no rude fee, with impious hand.
Invade the shrine where sacred lies.
Of toil and blood the well-carned prize.
While offering Peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust.
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Crosses. Nies wind.

Sound, O. sound the trump of fame,
And let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with load applan
Ring through the world with load applan
Let every clime to freedom dear.
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, with godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of borrid war, or guides with ease
Our councils in the time of peace.
Chours.—Firm multed, &c.

CHORES.-Firm, united, &c. Behold! the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands. The rock on which the storm will best; The rock on which the storm will best; But arm'd in virtue, firm and true. His hopes are fir'd on Heaven and you. When hope was sinking in disunay. When gloom obscurred Columbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or liberty. CHORCS.-Firm, united, &c.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. BT FRANCIS S. KET.

P. say, can you see, by the dawn's early light.
What so proudly we halled at the twilight's last gl
Vhose bread stripes and bright stars, through the

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half concests, half discloses! Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:

"Its the star spangled banner! O, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoe of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more!
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollut
No refuge could save the hirding and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled hanner in triamph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolution!
Blest with victory and peace, may be heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that both made and preserved us a nation
Then compart we must, when our cause it is just.
And this be our mottos—In field is our trust!

And the star-spaugled banner in trumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

HISTORY OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."

The following history of the now famous song "Hail Columbia," (which we publish to-day,) from the pen of the author, Judge John Hopkinson, will be read with interest by those of our readers who are unacquainted with its history. The au-thor says:

"The song was written in the summer of 1798,

loss, it is said, amounts to millions of dollars; but there are no means of arriving at a correct estimate.

Now is there not a more rational explanation than any that has yet been made public, to account for this destruction? In the summer of the year 1864, there was a terrible drought in all this region of the United States. Out of that protracted drought the evergreens emerged in an enfeebled condition; and in May, 1865, many hemblocks, cedars, etc., were found to be dying. In the summer of 1870 there was another great drought, almost as protracted and accompanied by even greater heat. In 1871 we had another pretty dry summer, following directly upon the heels of the severer drought of 1870. The evegreens are first to feel these droughts. They entered upon the last winter like a partially-recovered typhoid fever patient, who essays too soon to go to work, in an enfeebled condition. They had not enough vitality to resist the winter's frost, and they have died. Is not this the most rational explanation?

Hartford Times.

The Borer.

A careful study of the habits of this pest to the orchard will establish the following facts, which, if promptly and vigorously acted upon, can hardly fall to secure exemption, to a great extent, from its attacks. It seldom attacks strong, healthy trees, but prefers those that, from being recently transplanted, or from neglect, have become weak. the following day. He said he had no boxes taken, and the prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued night after night for the rest of the season, the song being encored and repeated many times during each night, the whole audience joining in the chorus. If was sung at night in the stragts by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard. I may say, in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of, and above the interests, passions, and policy of both beligerents, and look and feel for our own honor and rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to which was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties; at least, neither of them could disown the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly American, and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American inculcated. It was truly American, and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American heart responded to it. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond any ex-pectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can beast of, except that of being truly and exclu-sively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

The "Star Spangled Banner" has, since the day it was written, been a national anthem. The circumstances under which it was composed by Francis S. Key are fully explained in the annexed article, which we take from the Baltimore Patriot of September 20, 1814. The song was originally procured from Mr. Key by the lamented John Skinner, who handed it to the editor of the Patriot, Col. Isaac Munrae, and who published it in his paper—thus handing it down to posterity. In order that all may have it before them once more, we re-produce it to-day, on the recurrence of the

we re-produce it to-day, on the recurrence of the anniversary of the birth-day our national free

From the Baltimore Patriot, September 20, 1814. The following beautiful and animating effusion, which is destined long to outlast the occasion, and outlive the impulse which preduced it, has been extensively circulated. In our first renewal and outlive the impulse which preduced it, has been extensively circulated. In our first renewal of publication, we rejoice in an opportunity to enliven the sketch of an exploit so illustrious with strains which so fitly celebrate it. This incomparable song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman [Francis S. Key, Esq.] had left Baltimore with a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fieet a friend of his, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the month of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the Bay to the month of the Patapsco, where the flag vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate, and he was compelled to witness the bombardiment of Fort McHenry, which the Admiral had boasted that he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the Fort through the whole of the day, with an anexity that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly waving flag of his country.

THE subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmerman tells of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the skin of a peach.

Before Paris became mistress of modes, Milan prescribed the model of bonnets, hence the name milliner for the fabrication of the crowning glory of well dressed womanhood.

THE name "grass widow" is of French origin. It is derived from the French grace, and originaly meant a widow by courtesy.

Aseful and Curious.

There are some observations in the London Lesset which might be studied with advantage by police constables. Referring to a case which lately occurred in New York, in which death speedily followed the extraction of teeth after an ineffectual endeavor to administer nitrous axide gas, the Lesset maintains that had the patient, who had fainted from terror, been laid flat on the floor instead of being kept in an upright position, she would probably have recovered in a few minutes; and it then points out the danger of treating syncope by erect posture, instancing the case of a poor woman who lately fainted on an English race-course, and having been placed by a policeman in a sitting posture, was only saved from death by the accident of a doctor happening to pass by at the moment and laying her down until she recovered. The public, says the Pall Mall Gazette, is often moved to a slight display of indignation when some one who has committed the offense of being taken ill in the street is put to death in a police cell; but when it is remembered that many of our police constables were, perhaps, agricultural laborers a few weeks before they were called upon to do dety in the street, and are as ignorant of the proper method of dealing with eases of syncope as they are of Hebrew, the wonder is that any insensible person who falls into their hands ever survives police treatment. Even the more intelligent members of the force, with eases of syncope as they are of Hebrew, the wonder is that any insensible person who falls into their hands ever survives police treatment. Even the more intelligent members of the force, who are not in the habit of jumping at the conclusion that every insensible person "smells of spirits" and must be drunk, and therefore use their best exertions to restore conclusioness in no vindictive spirit, almost invariably prop their patient up against a pillar, letter-box, or a doorstep, having dragged him or her, as the case may be, to that support with the assistance of the bystanders.

Dyspepsia Can be Cared.

Sixteen-Mile Stand, O., Dec. 25, 1871.—Several have asked, and many thousands want to know how. Just look at the yast array of them, and pity as you look. For, of all the miserable, they are the most wretched. I served long in their ranks, and, like many of them, for a long time I despaired of release. But it came.

Look again at them. See how they resemble, especially the chronics, dry, wilted, cold, colorless gooselesh! What hollow, languid eyes! Take notice of their dry hair. See them, ghostly, bony, almost like statues. Observe how reckless their minds, tormented with wild imaginations. They sit like a joint of stove pipe, dinged in on one side and bent into an elbow, pinehing their vital organs behind the dings. And they breathe as if air was scarce, and they had been put on short rations, &c.

I give these prominent symptoms because a cure lies chiefly in removing them. They are great sinners against nature who strain themselves into such deformities, and their only remedy is in repentance and reformation. But what dyspeptic has strength of will enough left for the task! Whether they eat much or little, it is not digested; so they had better cat only what will digest. Use no irratants, stimulants, nor medicines, and very little drink. Avoid grease and sons. Researches and sons. digest. Use no irratants, stimulants, nor medi-cines, and very little driuk. Avoid grease and sola. Be as cleanly as possible. Straighter up, and keep straight. Be cheerful. Expand the lungs and chest to the utmost, and keep them so. Ex-ercise freely, actively, and abundantly. Work all you have strength for. Breathe abundantly; enough to bring oxygen to every particle of blood, giving the power to warm and cleause the system, and the food will digest and the patient recover.

People are continually complaining of neuralgic pains. Whenever there is an ache or an anomalous kind of erratic pain which seems to be peculiar, and too stubborn to yield to common remedies which every old woman suggests, whether appropriate or not, that is called neuralgia. A Frenchman's definition was quite as good as if it came from the most learned physician in language that no one could understand, or pronounce correctly if he could. "Der nuralaja like von needle in de leg. Wee monsieur, ven dey stick une leetle jimblet in de flesh so dat it vont go in no more—and dat's nuralaja." Neuralgia.

im de leg. Wee monseur, ven dey stick me feetle jimblet in de flesh so dat it vont go in no more—and dat's nuralaja."

The difference between neuralgia and rheumatism is simply this, viz: rheumatism is an inflammation of the fibres of a muscle; neuralgia is supposed to be an inflammation of the tissue or case which surrounds a nerve. If inflamed in the slightest degree, it consequently compresses the pulp or substance of the nerve, therefore the cause is purely mechanical, and sometimes continues a very long time. Rheumatism yields to remedies much more readily. When neuralgia assumes that dreadful form called the dolorest, ordinarily confined to nerves of the face, it seems to come by sudden paroxysms almost beyond the power of human endarance. That is probably due to mental excitation, stimulants, improper, indigestible food, which quickens the action of the heart; and a quicker pulsation forces blood into the inflamed nerve case, and that explains it mechanically.

Wet and Dry Bathing. If any one in these days will exercise in the open air so that each day he will perspire moderately, and if he will wear thin undergarments, the fund.

If any one in these days will exercise in the open air so that each day he will perspire moderately, and if he will wear thin undergarments, or none at all, and sleep in a cold room, the functions of the skin will suffer little or no impediment if water is withheld for months.

Indeed, bathing is not the only way in which its healthful action can be maintained by those living under the condition at present existing. Dry friction over the whole surface of the body, once a day, or once in two days, is often of more service than the application of water. The reply of the centemarian to the inquiry, to what habit of life he attributed his good health and extreme longevity, that he believed it due to "rubbing himself all over with a cob every night," is significant of an important truth.

If invalids and persons of low vitality would usedly friction and Dr. Franklju's "air bath" every day for a considerable period, we are confident they would often be greatly benefited. Cleanliness is next to godliness, no doubt, and a proper and judicious use of water is to be commended; but human beings are not amphibitions. Nature indicates that the functions of the skin should be kept in order mainly by muscular exercise, by exciting natural perspiration by labor; and delicious as is the bath, and healthful, under proper regulation, it is no substitute for that exercise of the body without which all the functions become abnormal.—Dr. Nickols' Fireside Science.

We clip the following from the Science of Health:
We are often asked for a prescription for presernaturally wakeful persons. The "high pressure" principle on which many of our basiness men work their brains and abuse their badies, begets an irritable condition of the nerves and a morbid state of the mind, very antagonistic to quiet and refreshing sleep. Such persons will often go to bed weary and exhansted, but cannot sleep; or sleep dreamily or fiffully; or lie awake for hours, unable to sleep at all. We have tried many expedients to induce sleep, with more or less success, and have read many recipes which proved better in theory than in practice. The very best method we have yet discovered is that of counting. Breathe deeply and slowly (without any straining effort) and with every respiration count one, two, three, etc., up to a hundred. Some persons will be asleep before they can count fifty in this manner. Others willcount ten, twenty, thirty, and then forget themselves and cease counting. In such cases always commence again at once. Very few persons can connect a hundred In such cases always commence again at once. Very few persons can count a hundred and find themselves awake; but, should this happen, re-peat the dose until cured.

Don't grind a hoe or a seythe without you've first mounted the old grindstone on friction roll-ers, fitted with a treadle, and flung away the crank. Also fit the bail of an old bucket to that crank. Also fit the bail of an old bucket to that paint keg and suspend it over the stone, with a fancet that will let the water out by drops. Do it, no matter who or what job is waiting; you'll never be sorry. I was stupid enough to suspend my water pot over the stone by a horizental bar nailed to two small trees standing close together by the grindstone. Of course, when the wind blaw, no ten-penny nail could hold those trees from swaying, but it required two breaks and a downfall to get the cause of the wreck through my hair, and set me to clamping the bar loosely to the trees with bits of hoop-iron. Such is life.

to the trees with bits of hoop-iron. Such is life.

Light as well as fresh air is needed in a sickroom. Ais know that plants will not thrive in a
dark rosen. The sick, especially during convalescence, require light as much as plants; not only
light, but direct sunlight. Its warmth is pleasant, its associates are pleasant, but it has other
influences we cannot explain. It aids the ventilation, it warms and dries the room, and renders
healthful what otherwise is poisonous. The pale,
weak and bloodless, under the direct influence of
a "sun bath," gains color, strength and health.
Not that all are to be exposed to it under all circumstances, but let the room have a sunny aspect.

—Prize Essay Mass. Med. Sosiety.

To reserve a sunrious greenbacks or national

To Discover spurious greenbacks or national bank notes, divide the last two figures of the number of the bill by four, and if one remain the letter of the genuine will be A; if two remain it will be B; if three, C; and should there be no re mainder the letter will be D. For example, a note is registered 2461; divide sixty-one by four and you have one remaining. According to the rule the letter on the note will be A. In case the rule fails, be certain that the bill is counterfeit or altered.

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